His Will

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His Will

by Celinesits

Summary

After the fall, Will Graham dies. Hannibal Lecter, mad with grief, ends his life but wakes to find himself back in time. The 1990s. An opportunity to meet Will again, Hannibal moves to Louisiana. There he finds a young Will Graham and vows to love and nurture him, ensuring this Will lives a happier life filled with endless love, support and security.
Please read the tags as Will is Underage - nearly sixteen when the relationship turns sexual. Everything that happens is with his consent but if fanfics with sex between a minor and adult are troublesome for you- please do not read.

This can be read as a standalone if you wish.

Thank you to everyone who has read and supported this story. Thank you! It means a lot. x

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will was sitting on Hannibal's pillows cross-legged, his back resting comfortably against Hannibal's headboard on the king-size bed.

He was wearing his usual comfy attire of shorts and a T-shirt, with bare feet. It was too hot to wear socks, even with the balcony windows open.

'Dinner will be ready in forty-five minutes, Will,' Hannibal said, coming into the bedroom.

Will looked up from his textbook that was resting on his knee. 'Said I'd be home by seven-thirty today.'

'Okay,' Hannibal replied. He sat on the edge of the bed as Will looked back down. A small frown as he highlighted portions of text and scribbled notes on the side of the page.

Hannibal could spend hours gazing at this version of Will. This lovely Will. Alive, whole, and safe.

His heart suddenly clenched, and he felt his breath catch—a twist of grief shooting through his chest. Even after three years, the anguish felt fresh. He bit his lip hard, to prevent the onslaught of tears sparking his eyes.

Will. The name struck a jolt of pain through Hannibal's chest.

Will.

A faint echo of... *Will.*

That *Will*. Was dead. Broken. Dashed against the rocks.

Hannibal's eyes became unfocused, blurred, and he quickly got up and walked into the bathroom. Staring at the mirror and imagining his older face looking back at him. Etched in sorrow.

He could still remember the feel of *Will'*s body in his arms. The deadweight of carrying his limp form to shore, though Hannibal was exhausted and bleeding himself. His screams turning animalistic as *Will's* lifeless body refused to wake up. No breath, no air. No amount of resuscitation nudging *Will* alive. Nothing. He was gone. He was covered in blood, and so cold, and it was no longer beautiful. It was horrific. Horrifying. Because this time, the blood meant the death of his beloved.

Hannibal couldn't accept it. Not after everything.

Everything.

There was no point in living if there was no *Will Graham*.

He had no choice.

Catching a jagged piece of rock, he sliced his throat viciously from end to end, the agony and searing pain of blood spurting out as he gathered *Will* in his arms. He pressed a kiss to dead lips as he lay dying with the man he loved.

But life apparently had other plans for him. How he had woken and been given another chance was beyond him. He imagined that this was the afterlife, set in the 1990s. His older brain in his twenty-something-year-old body. In Paris. Thinking he had gone mad with grief, he spent days not leaving the apartment until he accepted that every night there was a moon, and the day still broke with the light of the sun. Realising he was stuck here somehow, he decided to embrace whatever this was with one goal in mind. If he was awake, then maybe so was *Will*. Maybe they were both stuck, and separated, trying to find their back way to one another.

Over the next few weeks, he researched the Grahams. Not so easy without internet but no matter. He had found Will's father. Phoned innocently under the guise of a would-be client and garnered that there was a child. Thirteen years of age. Will Graham. He had found Will—living in Louisiana.

Will's father worked in shipping. Hannibal couldn't remember when he died, but maybe if Hannibal intervened, that course of events could change. And if his own *Will* wasn't alive in this world with past memories... Then this young Will had not yet been broken. By life. Or by him. He would love Will entirely and wholly. This Will would not get passed into the system and break by no-one understanding his beautiful mind.

He could ensure this Will did not want for anything. It gave him a purpose in this new odd world he was suddenly living in. In his mid-twenties, he had still been at medical school but now asked to take his exams early and jump through whatever hoops he needed to confirm his surgeon status.

He checked in with his uncle and aunt, making sure there was no other Hannibal Lecter floating around. There was none. Chiyoh was still under their care, a young teen. Hannibal resolved to ensure her life entailed more choices and freedom this time around. Moneywise, he still had his inheritance and all the knowledge and skills of his past life.

He moved to Louisiana and started to weave himself into Will's world. He bought a white mansion as close to Will as he could and approached private hospitals nearby as a Doctor. He could choose his hours and work two days a week, so he didn't go stir crazy or rusty.

Once he had settled into his new home, he decided to take a walk around the neighbourhood, excited and nervous to meet Will finally. The poorer parts were becoming evident as he walked down the street. He knew the address and deliberately walked past when school children seemed to be walking home, hoping to get a glimpse of Will and introduce himself to see if he recalled Hannibal in any way.

A slight framed, Will, thirteen years of age, was trundling a cycle with a bent rim as Hannibal greeted him.

A shy look on his face with a mop of chocolate curls and large blue-green eyes caused Hannibal's heart to ache.

‘Hello,’ he said. He tried to maintain distance, so he didn’t startle the boy, but it was hard not to fall on his knees and pull Will into his arms.

Will had looked at him curiously, his eyes drifting over Hannibal’s face and clothes. ‘Hi,’ he responded.

‘What happened to your bike?’ Hannibal asked, stating the obvious.

‘Went over a rock and fell. It got bent,’ Will replied. His southern drawl was more pronounced. Hannibal couldn’t see any signs of recognition and felt both disappointed and alleviated. Not his *Will*, but Will nonetheless. A young version of the man he had known.

‘I’m not bad with bikes,’ he continued. ‘I could help fix it if you like if you have a lever and wrench?’

Will fidgeted, his eyes now looking sky blue, with an unsure frown.

‘My name is Hannibal Lecter. I just moved here. I’m taking a walk around the neighbourhood. Get to know the area.’

‘You don’t look like you live in this neighbourhood,’ Will said inquisitively.

Hannibal could tell Will was reading him. His body language, his eyes, his tone of voice.

‘I live about twenty minutes away—’

‘Where the rich folks live,’ Will said as he pitched his bike onto a broken pathway outside a house that needed much tender loving care. Overgrown weeds led to the peeling white paint of the steps. A shutter door was hanging off its hinges, with an open wooden door behind it that looked like a weak excuse for security. Hannibal felt a lump of concern lodged firmly within. The quicker he got Will away from here, the better.

‘Are your parents at home?’ Hannibal enquired. ‘Perhaps, I can introduce myself to them. I used to tutor teens about your age in Paris. I would like to again.’

Will’s expression said it all, prompting him to say, ‘for free. I enjoy it, that’s all. I think it would help improve my American English.’

Will shrugged one shoulder. ‘My daddy might be home.’ He squinted up, as the sunlight shone across his face, bathing him in golden light.

‘Okay,’ Hannibal said. ‘I’ll wait here.’

Will ran up the steps and into the house, coming out a minute later, indicating for him to come inside. Hannibal followed him in, his hands deep in his pockets. He trailed through a small corridor with more peeling paint opening into a living area with oversize armchairs and stained coffee tables cluttered with newspapers and junk food wrappers. And bottles of alcohol.

Will's father stood up, giving him a suspicious look which Hannibal ignored, extending a hand to shake instead and make introductions. He knew he was charming and beautiful to look at with his sandy brown hair falling across his forehead in silky strands, the jut of high cheekbones and full pouty lips with a European accent. He needed to get Will's father on side, though it didn't look like Will's father had much time for designer-dressed men in his house.

He attempted small talk before handing Will's father a business card with his credentials and new landline phone number. Said he would be happy to tutor Will for free if he would be willing. Will's father still looked suspicious as Hannibal walked away, but he maintained his composure and helped bang out the wheel and fix the tire on the bike. Will had a curious mind, and Hannibal let him talk, taking joy in his questions and answering them.

Over the next week, he deliberately timed his walks when he knew Will would be cycling home from school. A friendly wave at first, a hello, how was your day and finally one day he received a phone call from Will's father saying Will wanted help on his homework and could he be of assistance. Hannibal tried not to appear too eager and said that he would be happy to see Will on Wednesday's three thirty pm.

Will had walked into his house timidly at first but quickly adapted to his surroundings the more time he spent there. Trying to gain even more time, Hannibal asked if Will wanted to help mow the lawn and wash his car for pocket money. Fortunately, Will's father agreed, and Will started to come over on Wednesdays and Saturdays. By way of thanks, Hannibal was invited to a barbecue where Will's father introduced him to questioning gazes as Will's 'Fancy, European big brother'. He wasn't sure he liked being Will's 'big brother', but whatever gained Will's father's trust was fine. So, he went along with it.

Hannibal was delighted when Will shyly accepted the gifts he desperately wanted to give him of clothes, and trinkets, and pocket money. He always made out that Will working hard at school and doing the odd jobs deserved to be rewarded in case Will's father refused his generosity.

Slowly, he started to offer to have Will after school more than just Wednesdays. Let him do his homework. Give him a meal. Will's father only too glad to have someone else help him. He often didn't know what to do with Will.

Hannibal began to teach Will languages, talked to him about being a surgeon, about culture and the world outside the state, outside America. Will became more confident. His slight frame walking taller, his voice clearer and distinct with knowledge and unafraid to speak his mind. Hannibal, bursting with pride, watching him. He lived for his moments with Will. Felt a glow when a bright smile flashed just for him. A quick hug of slender arms wrapped around his waist in thanks for the latest gift he had bestowed.

And Hannibal's touches were never inappropriate, but enough to make sure Will didn't turn away from an affectionate pat on the head. The shoulder. A one-armed hug. He needed Will to be comfortable with his touch, so if ever Will wanted more; he knew he could trust Hannibal. He would only take whatever Will offered. Be whatever Will needed him to be.

For nearly three years, he became Will's friend, teacher, mentor. He was sure Will's father did not know what lucky stick he had been hit with but was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Hannibal didn't want to kill Will's father. It would hurt Will, and he did not want to traumatise. He owed it to his dead love to make sure this younger version was sheltered from abuse and suffering.

And so their happy relationship remained that way.

Until a few weeks before Will's sixteenth birthday.

Will was sitting on the countertop in the kitchen, as he washed the dishes.

'Hannibal?' Will said. His feet were thudding against the counter.

'Yes, Will?' Hannibal smiled at him, nose crinkling in affection.

'So,' Will began. He wet his lips and Hannibal could sense he was working himself up to whatever this conversation was going to be. 'Everyone was talking at school, at lunch about you know…' he paused. 'Stuff.'

'Oh,' Hannibal murmured. 'Stuff. Well, that is indeed something to be discussed.' He couldn't help but tease as he wiped his hands on the dishcloth and gave Will his full attention.

Will huffed, his face looking playfully annoyed.

'Yes, stuff,' he replied meaningfully, swatting Hannibal.

Crossing his arms, Hannibal leaned against the counter next to Will. The young boy confided in him about everything. His schoolwork, his friends, down to the mundane such as highest scores on video games. Hannibal was privy to much of Will's life. Something he took great pleasure in. He wanted Will to confide in him. He wanted to look after and protect Will and had worked hard to build their relationship. One of trust. Unlike the last time.

'We were talking about kissing.' Will said, looking embarrassed for a moment as his head dropped but then lifted his eyes and looked steadily at him.

Hannibal raised his brows. 'Well, kissing, yes. Much to be said about kissing.'

'Well, I haven't yet. You know.'

'I know.'

Will chewed on his lip.

'And… you would like that to change?' Hannibal asked.

Will nodded. 'Yes.'

'Okay.'

Will hadn't ever expressed any desire to date as yet. Never said he fancied anyone, never engaged in making out sessions at the rare parties he was invited to. He didn't like big crowds. Will's father called Will a good kid. His head was screwed on tight and focussed on school. Plenty of time for all of that when you're older. And up to this point, Will seemed to be content. He went out with his friends a few times but spent a lot of time studying, fishing, camping, working at the rescue animal shelter and with Hannibal. Hannibal made sure in the last year they went out every month on the weekend to visit museums, galleries, the theatre, cinema, restaurants. He thought Will was satisfied.

But…

'Is there someone you like?' He tried to keep his voice neutral. He wasn't sure if he liked the idea of Will wanting to date anyone. He hadn't indulged in killing anyone thus far but could easily imagine breaking a simpering teenager's neck. He didn't want anyone to encroach on his time spent with Will. Besides, no one would be good enough; Will needed someone great. Brilliant.

Will remained silent, and Hannibal dipped his head. 'Well, is there someone you like?'

Will nodded, and he felt his heart sink, jaw clenching.

'What do you think I should do?' Will asked.

His innocent question scalding Hannibal. 'You want to tell them you like them or actually kiss them?' He stared ahead at the kitchen tiles. He was sure if he looked at Will, he would read the jealous light licking through his body.

'I want to kiss them.' Will's voice lowered to a whisper.

Hannibal tried to keep his voice steady.'You need to find the right time to do it. Don't do it in the cafeteria across a lunch tray.'

Will chuckled. 'Hannibal…'

'Could be awkward,' Hannibal returned with a wry twist of his mouth.

'What should I do?' Will asked. His feet stopped tapping—his hands on the counter, a finger grazing Hannibal's waist.

'When it feels right, look into their eyes, and gently kiss them once. To see their reaction. Just a small gentle kiss. See what happens.' He paused. 'If they like you, they will tilt their head forward, and you kiss them again. If they don't… they'll move backwards. And then you say, I don't mean to offend, but I have wanted to kiss you and understand if you do not reciprocate my feelings. But I hold you in very high esteem.'

'Hannibal!' Will cried out. 'I'm not gonna say that! Who says that?'

He smirked. 'Well, just try the kiss then.'

‘What if they don’t like me back?’ Will sounded nervous, and Hannibal turned to him, ruffling his hair.

‘Then they are incompetent fools, not to be bothered with again. If they don’t see the value in your magnificence, then they are wasteful creatures not deserving of you.’

Will looked amused, a big grin on his face. He was used to Hannibal’s overtly, grand compliments and scoffed with amusement but still looked pleased. He never turned away from Hannibal’s affection.

‘So, if it feels right, then I’ll just give them…a… small…kiss.’

‘Yes,’ Hannibal said. He smoothed a few curls from Will’s face and leant forward to kiss him on the forehead. His finger stroked Will’s cheek gently, and he started to move back when Will suddenly kissed him.

A small, close-mouthed kiss.

Hannibal felt his body freeze. His breath stuck.

Will's lips withdrew with a soft-sounding smack, but Hannibal remained in the same position. His heart started to race. Will was too young. He wasn’t even sixteen yet. This… couldn’t happen. Not right now. Maybe, when Will was older. If that was what he wanted but now... It was too soon. Wasn’t it?

He tried to swallow; his mouth suddenly dry.

‘Hannibal?’ Will’s voice was anxious, and Hannibal looked up, meeting concerned blue eyes.

‘Why did you do that?’ His words croaked. ‘Is that your way of trying to learn how to kiss?’ He licked his lower lip, mind chaotic and trying to push away unbidden thoughts.

‘No…’ Will said. ‘Not trying to learn…I.’ He hesitated, and Hannibal looked at him properly. Will was battling with something. His inner conflict apparent on his face.

‘I like you, Hannibal. You.’ He said it clearly and defiantly. ‘I…’ he faltered. ‘I like you. I want you to be my first kiss, my first everything.’

He started to shake his head. ‘Will…’

‘I know what you’re going to say,’ Will said, looking solemn. ‘But you’re only ten years older than me—’

Grimacing, he said, ‘I’m a lifetime older than you Will—'

Will held up his hand. ‘But I know how I feel. I like you. When I think of kissing anyone, it’s you. Always you.’ He let out a long breath. ‘Heck, I feel like we’ve been dating for a year already.’

Hannibal turned his head away sharply. ‘That was me taking you out, introducing you to culture and good food…’

‘That’s what people do when they also take people out on dates.’

He opened his mouth as Will pressed forward again with another kiss. He tried not to return it, smothering a small moan.

‘Do you want me to kiss other people?’ Will challenged. Hannibal tried to form words but knew he couldn’t lie.

‘I don’t think you want me to kiss other people, Hannibal. You like me too. Like I like you. I knew you wouldn’t do anything until I did. I can tell…’

Hannibal remained silent.

‘Tell me I’m wrong?’ Will touched his chin, just barely grazing his skin, holding his gaze. ‘Tell me I’m wrong. Please.’

Hannibal closed his eyes. *Please.* Could he really deny Will anything? He knew he would be whatever Will wanted him to be. If this is what Will wanted, could he spurn the sweet plea? Beautiful Will. Whatever he wanted. Hannibal would give to him.

‘Will….’ How to protect this little loved one. Too much too soon.

‘Please.’ Will’s breath fanned against him. Moving closer.

Hannibal reached out his hands, gently touching the side of Will’s face. His fingers running through Will’s silken curls.

‘Please,’ Will whispered again.

He couldn’t help it. He had to give in. Couldn’t listen to another please without melting into molten lava. His hands gently gripped Will’s jaw. His lips pressed against Will’s, his hand moving to hold the back of his neck tenderly. The soft hair crushing between his fingers.

‘Will.’ He sighed. The kisses were gentle. He tried to hold back. Too much too soon. Restraining himself, he felt Will’s lips eagerly kissing him with much enthusiasm. A weak moan reached Hannibal’s ears, and he started to feel unravelled.

Undone.

He began to kiss Will like he was dying of thirst. The touch of a wet tongue and his mouth opened, letting Will’s tongue slip in.

‘Is this French kissing?’ Will mumbled as his hands scrambled on Hannibal’s shoulders.

‘Mmm mmm,’ he murmured, tentatively lapping against Will’s tongue.

And so, it began.

Lots of heavy make out sessions followed. Hannibal knew what a master Will could be at acting and lying skilfully. How cunning and deceitful he could be when he wanted. Both of them hiding the new burgeoning relationship like a carefully guarded secret. Hidden from view.

The kisses started to become kisses down Will's neck until one afternoon Will threw off his T-shirt and sat on his lap. Hannibal picked him up and laid him down on the sofa and gave Will kisses down his chest. Gentle kisses on his nipples. Down his stomach. And then Will asked to be kissed there.

And Hannibal gently kissed him there. Licked him there. Sucked him there. Until Will came in his mouth with a shout, his eyes wide when Hannibal swallowed it all down. Kissing back up his body, he lay a kiss on Will's startled mouth.

Will tried to touch him, grind against him, but he batted him away. Always remaining clothed. He would give Will all the pleasure he wanted, but he didn't want Will touching him yet, holding off his own relief until he was alone. Will was too young. Not yet. Not yet. And he was astounded at the resolve needed to stop the exploring hands, but he was soothing in his refusal. 'Not yet, my love. My darling.'

And that's how the endearments began.

It was what Hannibal was thinking. Always, but hadn't said it for fear of scaring Will with too much emotion. But Will surprised him, absorbing the words like poetry into his skin. His smile rewards enough. His satisfied moans of pleasure, telling Hannibal how good he felt. How nice it felt. How it was Hannibal he wanted. Always Hannibal.

Hannibal gathered him in his arms, gently nuzzling his face, kissing him and loving him. He needed to love Will desperately. He had been given another chance, and the only thing he wanted to do in this world, in this life was to love Will. So, he did.

After Will turned sixteen, he asked Hannibal to make love to him. And he said yes, but Will was to make love *to him*. Be inside him. Will looked astonished. He had just about seen Hannibal's bare chest, and legs, never more than that. But Will had asked, and he obliged. Just not the way Will had initially thought.

They talked about it over a few nights. Hannibal, wanting to be entirely sure that this is what Will wanted. Will, awe-stricken, and eager to say yes. He wanted to try yes. He was surprised at being allowed to *do that.*

Hannibal spent some time prepping himself beforehand. This body hadn't been used to being penetrated for a while. He'd had male lovers but didn't know or bothered to know which ones existed in this world. His body was not used to it, so he wanted to make sure he was ready. He wanted it to be comfortable and pleasurable for Will. A discreet health check and a visit to a sex shop with a carefully chosen toy close to Will's size was enough for two weeks of preparation.

Hannibal asked Will's father if Will could stay overnight for the first time at the weekend. A belated birthday weekend. Will's father had agreed and went away to do a job, and Will had

gleefully packed a bag and smothered Hannibal in kisses when they were alone. He couldn't wait for his birthday present.

He'd watched open-mouthed as Hannibal prepped himself, inserting one, two fingers inside with plenty of lube.

They talked about positions, and Will wanted to see his face, so Hannibal laid on his back and guided Will through his first time. Will was a gentle, sweet, considerate lover. Careful not to hurt, mindful of every look on Hannibal's face. And when he was fully sheathed inside, Hannibal couldn't help the tears from slipping down the side of his face. Will's blue eyes were glimmering too with unshed tears.

'I love you, Hannibal,' he said. Words Hannibal desperately needed to hear, and he clung to Will as they rocked together. Will came deep inside him and his own relief coming between their pressed bodies. Softly. Gently. His darling boy. His love. The beautiful agony of having this Will inside him, *wanting* to be inside him. His heart ached with grief and love, twisting and bound forever together. So much love that it felt overwhelming.

He had loved his sister fiercely, Chiyoh he cared for like family but *Will Graham*. Should have been the love of his life.

Was almost but should have been- entirely.

And Hannibal had wasted it.

Hadn't realised what he was feeling for the stressed looking man with a brilliant mind. How had the obsession started? Was it because *Will* said he didn't find him that interesting? Thereby laying the gauntlet and Hannibal's ego ensured that *Will* found him very interesting and in turn became a fascinating object for Hannibal to study. Sparking an explosive passion that caused him to toy and manipulate *Will* until his mind had broken. So blind in creating *Will* into something else, that he had forgotten he had a heart. The heart that only started pumping as he bathed *Will's* hand after being gifted Randall Tier's body.

Only started pumping when he pierced the knife into *Will* and left him bleeding on the floor.

Only started pumping when he left his broken heart for *Will* to find.

Only started pumping when *Will* said he had forgiven him.

Only started pumping when *Will* found him in the gallery.

Only started pumping when his saw pressed against *Will's* forehead and Jack screamed for him to stop.

Only started pumping when he carried *Will* in the snow.

And then broke when *Will* told him goodbye.

And he surrendered to Jack realising he was in love. With *Will Graham*. Not just love.

But in love. Completely.

But then…

The waiting. On and on time went. Life fading to grey without the colour of *Will* to fill his days. Memory palace a cheap imitation of the real thing but all he had. Finally, the reward came of seeing *Will's* resigned face outside the cage. But how to keep him close?

Please, *Will* had said, and Hannibal couldn't deny him.

Off they went to the glasshouse on the cliff. How beautiful *Will* had looked in the soft lighting as they shared a drink. *'I don't know if I can save myself. And maybe that's just fine*.' His love had said.

How savage his love had been when they fought the dragon together moments later. How sweet he had been reaching out to Hannibal to be held. To be comforted. Hannibal fell in love all over again. This was it. Finally. They could be together. He could still remember embracing *Will*.

And then *Will* pushed them over.

And died.

And now Hannibal clung to his second chance. A sixteen-year-old Will Graham making love to him. So sweet. So lovely. His to protect. Look after. Deny him nothing.

Will tangled his naked body with him that night, though Hannibal donned a pair of boxers before they got into bed and Will cocked an eyebrow.

'We just had sex, and you still won't let me touch your dick?' He looked aghast. 'You have some really weird standards.'

'When you're eighteen,' he said, pulling Will close and stroking his hair and pressing kisses on his face. Making sure Will felt safe and warm, secure, and loved in Hannibal's arms. He pushed away his grief. Held it in until he kissed Will goodbye before he went flying out of the door Sunday afternoon.

Hannibal waited until he was out of sight before collapsing against the wall, dropping to the floor. Sobs were tearing through his throat. *His poor, broken, beautiful, dead Will.* His unrequited love lost forever—the opportunities lost forever.

And so now, Hannibal again stared at the devastated face of his older version in the mirror. A man who had lived devoid of having true love at his side. His machinations costing him to live an incomplete life.

'I am not you,' Hannibal whispered to his elder self. 'Not anymore. I'm very sorry for your loss. Sorry for your lost love, but my Will is here. With me. Loved and happy and safe, and by my side. I will not become you and ruin my happiness at the cost of my ego. Be at peace but leave me be.'

Taking one last look and seeing his youthful face reflected once more, he walked out of the bathroom.

His young lover was still making notes on his textbook, and he sat alongside him and gently kissed the side of his head. Will looked up and pressed a quick kiss on his lips in response.

Not being able to help himself, he reached out his thumb, rubbing Will's lower lip. His palm cupping Will's jaw. Will let out a soft moan and kissed him again. Hannibal breathed a wet kiss into the side of Will's neck, one hand coming around Will's waist, the other hand trailing downwards. His thumb stroking a path down his neck, his collar bone. Tracing the neck of the T-shirt before grazing Will's nipple through the thin material. Will yelped giving a throaty groan.

'Hannibal,' he chastised. His neck stretched, throat exposed as open-mouthed kisses were placed, and Hannibal rubbed his nipple back and forth. Will shivered and inhaled a shaky breath, arching his back. He kissed the tender skin behind Will's ear, his thumb continually stroking across the now hardened nipple. Will's mouth open, eyes closing.

'How am I supposed to concentrate on atoms now?' Will slammed his textbook shut, turning his face and kissing him fiercely.

'Sorry, sorry,' Hannibal chuckled into his mouth, not feeling sorry at all. Will was strict about doing his homework and not being distracted. And it was always respected.

Usually.

'Look what you did,' Will complained laughing. He glanced down at Will's shorts.

'Oh, dear.'

Will set his books aside and straddled his lap. Moving up and down, forward and backwards.

'What would my Will like?' Hannibal asked, pulling him close into the cradle of his arms, their chests pressed together.

Will kissed him. 'Your finger.'

'Mmm?'

'Your mouth.' He kissed Hannibal again. 'I want to come.'

Hannibal nodded, squeezing Will's waist, his fingers following the movements of hips grinding against him.

'Undress me,' Will told him.

'Your wish is my command.' With a mischievous grin, he ran his hands under Will's T-shirt, before swiftly taking it off. He carefully laid Will back on the bed, pulling his shorts and underpants off and throwing them to the side. Bending down, he kissed Will's stomach as Will bent his knees, his hands up above his head, awaiting his pleasure.

Hannibal got out the bottle of lube and squeezed some out. Slicking his finger generously before pressing more lube against Will.

They had moved to ‘one finger’ after Will reasoned one finger wasn’t that much. And they could do that sometimes. He wanted to try. So, Hannibal had agreed, one finger only. But no more until Will turned eighteen. Once Will had experienced what one finger could do, he hadn’t asked for more; content for now.

Hannibal leaned down and smothered Will’s face with kisses, one hand cradling the back of his head, the other hand between the parted legs. Lower. His finger gently massaging in circles and then pressing in, bit by bit. Softly. Gently. And then pulling back out. Slowly. In and out.

Will let out a breathy sigh, his eyes closing for a moment and then opened as he gazed sweetly at Hannibal. Heart overflowing with love, his mouth opened wider, kissing Will deeply. Will's hands trailed over his shoulders, down his back, causing his skin to tingle.

He kissed further down Will’s body, as Will arched his back before relaxing again. Completely at ease as Hannibal settled between his legs and pulled him up by the hips towards his face.

Will was always patient, never making a move to touch himself. He didn’t plead or get frustrated when they were like this because he knew Hannibal would give him exactly what he wanted.

He was young, and he hadn’t any inhibitions. He asked for his pleasure, and Hannibal wouldn’t tease him or prolong the event. Not when he was holding such a precious bundle. He wanted Will to feel complete gratification at his touch and nothing else.

Hannibal kissed him for a few moments, licking long stripes up and down until the tip was wet and shiny and then gradually took Will into his mouth and started to suck. Will began to pant, punctuated with broken whimpers. His hands were coming down to the side, fingers curling into his palms. Hannibal saw his hands twisting and reached up to lace their fingers together, bringing their joint hands to the back of his head, encouraging Will to slide his fingers into his hair and to keep them there if he wished as Hannibal sucked harder and faster.

Will gently tugged his hair, opening and clenching. His fingertips were fluttering over Hannibal’s head, tracing the shell of his ears, gently stroking the back of his neck as his moans were getting louder and his thigh and stomach muscles tensed. Hannibal could tell he was close. And then a rush of release as his body jerked and stilled and shuddered, and stilled again as he gasped.

Hannibal sucked until Will began to soften and then swallowed slightly and held the rest in his mouth. He stretched over Will’s body, embracing him tightly, his mouth pressed against Will’s, beckoning him to open. When he did, Hannibal shared his mouthful with him, and Will let out a filthy groan. He swallowed, and they lapped each other's tongues before Hannibal stared down at him with a satisfied look. Will’s cheeks were flushed, and he clamped both his hands across his mouth, looking like he had been caught doing something extremely naughty.

‘Hannibal!’ Blue eyes disbelieving. A cheeky grin behind his hands and Hannibal gently lifted them away to see pink lips spread into a huge, stunned smile.

‘I can't believe you did that!’ Will started to laugh. ‘Oh my god!’

Hannibal stroked his hair fondly. ‘What? You're delicious. Thought it was time you had a taste.’

Will looked like he could barely contain his glee. An impish look glittering in his eyes.

Hannibal moved the textbooks further aside and picked Will up in his arms, turning him around and placing his head down on the pillows before drawing the blanket over his naked body.

‘Warm?’ he asked, and Will snuggled his face into his neck nodding. He placed small kisses on Hannibal’s skin, and he sighed, stroking Will's hair, pressing kisses of his own.

‘I love you.’ Will’s voice sounded young and brimming with dreams and optimism.

Hannibal leaned back slightly, his hand cradling Will’s face, kissing his lips again.

‘I love you, Will.’ He gazed down adoringly at the boy he loved, with his whole heart, his soul—words flowing from deep within. ‘You are my master, and I am your slave. You are my god, my deity, my King. I am your supplicant. I adore you. I worship you. I am devoted to you. You are my entire world. My only reason for living.’

Will's eyes glimmered with tears, and he gave a watery, embarrassed smile. ‘Hannibal, you really can’t say stuff like that. My heads already so big, I won’t be able to fit through doors soon.’

Hannibal reached for his hands, kissing his fingers. ‘My only purpose in this life Will is to love you. You are so loved and wanted and cherished. I don’t want you ever to forget that—my sweet, beautiful boy. I am yours. Do whatever you want with me.’

Will sniffed and hugged him tightly. Sweetly soothing Hannibal who could feel tears fill his eyes. To be comforted by Will was overpowering. He did not deserve it but would spend the rest of his life earning it. He laid his head against Will’s smooth chest as Will stroked his hair.

‘We’ll live together one day, won’t we? And get married. I want to marry you.’ Will's voice was heavy with emotion.

‘Yes, to us living together.’ Hannibal cleared his throat. ‘Yes, to marry you. It would be an honour to be your husband.’

‘And you’ll tell me one day why you get sad sometimes?’ Will's voice was tender and sounded wise beyond his years. His kindness stung like a brand.

Hannibal pressed his lips tightly, chasing away tears. He cleared his throat again. ‘I’m not sad, darling. It is just important to tell people that you love them when you have the chance.

Because you might not be able to one day, it might be too late. That's all.'

'But we love each other. You know I love you. You love me. I'm yours too.'

'Yes.' He took a deep breath.

'Don't be sad, Hannibal.'

'I'm not, darling.'

Hannibal raised his head and pressed his face against Will's neck, holding him tight. 'You are my everything, Will.' He breathed the words into Will's skin, cherishing the feel of the arms around him. 'My everything.'

His friend. His companion. The love of his life. His love.

His Will.

End Notes

I recently finished watching Hannibal on Netflix before it was rudely taken away. In tears, I was convinced as there was no Season 4, Will (might) must be dead because hey, Hannibal probably lives on. My tiny brain could not stand it (either way) so I decided to write a fix it where Will is alive (anyway) and completely adored, and smothered in kisses. A balm for my aching heart (because the show is so torturous).
Please enjoy and hope it soothes/fulfills some #Hannigram Fannibal sniffles (hearts) for our lovely Will Graham.
I'm not able to do justice to the dialogue from the show so am sure, I have not captured Hannibal's 'voice'. Hope it doesn't impact the story too much!

Based on the characters created by Thomas Harris. Episode quotes credited to Gaumont International television llc. And of course- this fanfic would not be possible without Hannibal show creator Bryan Fuller.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!